

# VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1872.

NO. 32.

## GENESEE DIRECTORY.

A. D. MASSEY,  
TICAL MASON.  
Covington, Vermont.  
J. F. WRIGHT,  
an and Surgeon. Office over Grandy, Skinner  
broker's store.  
Diseases a Specialty.  
Barton Landing, Vt.  
DR. O. A. REMIS,  
OPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Craftsbury, Vermont.  
DR. PARKHURST,  
will be at E. W. Langmaid's Hotel  
Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P.  
for Waterbury, N. S. Truss. Kept con-  
stantly on hand.  
East Albany, Vt.  
W. B. CRITCHETT,  
ER A. GLAZIER, Graining, Whitewashing  
Paper Hanging done in the best style and  
in guaranteed. Orders solicited.  
East Albany, Vt.  
L. R. WOOD, JR.,  
Y PAINTER, Particular attention paid to Fan-  
gling, Graining, Paper Hanging, etc.  
General Ornamenting, Drawing, Drafting,  
and Designing. Orders solicited.  
Barton, Vermont.

J. J. HILL,  
SSOR TO E. P. CHENY, will continue to  
a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-  
chines sold. Barton, Vt.

CUTLER & GOSN,  
UFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs.  
Greenboro, Vt.

MIS. A. J. CUTLER,  
LINERY, DRESS MAKING and pattern making.  
Barton, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,  
RON DENTIST.  
Barton Landing, Vt.

M. J. SMITH,  
RICTOR of the Orleans County Marble Works,  
origin and American Marble, Gravestones,  
etc., etc.

J. N. WEBSTER,  
INSURANCE AGENT.  
Barton, Vermont.

J. N. WEBSTER,  
FOOTPAHER. Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,  
and, squares, and rustic frames of all kinds.

FRED. H. MORSE,  
TER. Painting, Graining, Whitewashing,  
Paper Hanging and all work done in  
style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw filed

DALE & ROBINSON,  
SNEYS and Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt.  
J. R. DALE. J. R. ROBINSON.

J. L. WOODMAN,  
LER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
J. L. Woodman's.

MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS,  
AND VEST MAKER.  
Barton, Vermont.

A. & J. L. TWOMBLY,  
OLESALE and retail dealers in Flour, Corn,  
Groceries, Lard, Fat, and Oil. Also, Bar-  
rels of Soda, Glass, etc., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

WM. W. GROUT,  
POINTNEY and Counselor at Law and Claim Agent,  
will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Will also give attention given to collections.  
Barton, Vt.

W. W. EATON,  
TORNEY at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.  
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Will also give attention given to collections.  
Barton, Vt.

J. M. CURRIAN,  
BER and Hair Dresser.  
Barton, Vermont.

MARTIN ABBOTT,  
HEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General  
Job Worker. Open and Put together a variety  
of carriages always on hand. (See page 10.)

J. H. DWINELL,  
NUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and styles. Also, Carpets, Rugs, and  
all kinds of household goods. Also, Carpets,  
Rugs, and all kinds of household goods. Also,  
Spring Beds, etc. Barton, Vt.

J. H. HOLTON, AGENT,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of  
Hardware, also Whips, Cattle, Cattle, Brushes,  
Hornum Oil, Blacking, for sale. Barton, Vt. 7-35

SPECIAL NOTICE.  
ESTERING TO LADIES.  
Woolman, Barton, Vermont, has just opened  
an entirely new and elegant assortment of  
REASONABLE MILLINERY GOODS  
and Bonnets—every shape and style—Trimmed  
and untrimmed, in Straw, Silk and Lace, for  
Ladies, Misses and Children.  
VERY NEW STYLE  
FROM  
THE MOST ELABORATE  
shoppers and dealers in the best of all  
kinds and styles. Also, Carpets, Rugs, and  
all kinds of household goods. Also, Carpets,  
Rugs, and all kinds of household goods. Also,  
Spring Beds, etc. Barton, Vt.

AGRETT  
Flowers,  
Pompoms,  
Sprays,  
&c. &c.  
Also Hosiery, Gloves,  
Ice Creams, Funs,  
Ice Creams, Funs,  
&c. &c.  
NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.  
Barton, May 20, 1872. 20-1f

EW GOODS  
The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of  
MILLINERY  
AND  
Lacy Goods,  
ing all the latest styles from New York and Bos-  
ton, also, Newell, Paris, and other styles. Also,  
Ladies' and Children's, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings,  
Collars and a variety of Fancy Goods.  
and ready made.  
DRESS MAKING  
done at our rooms by  
PERIENCED WORKMEN.  
made arrangements to receive goods from New  
York and Boston.  
EVERY WEEK  
and can give our customers  
THE LATEST STYLES  
AND  
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.  
ing the public for their past favors, I hope to  
be my share of your patronage.  
Barton, Vt., May 10th, 1872. 18-1f

Blacksmithing  
done at our rooms by  
PERIENCED WORKMEN.  
made arrangements to receive goods from New  
York and Boston.  
EVERY WEEK  
and can give our customers  
THE LATEST STYLES  
AND  
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.  
ing the public for their past favors, I hope to  
be my share of your patronage.  
Barton, Vt., May 10th, 1872. 18-1f

WEST GLOVER.  
The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens  
West Glover, and vicinity, that he has taken the Shop  
and West Glover, where he is ready to do all kinds

CUSTOM WORK,  
with Promptness, Thoroughness and at fair prices.  
West Glover, May 10, 1872. 19-1f

## THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field,  
Tolled on from day to day,  
Both had the same hard labor,  
Both had the same small pay.  
With the same blue sky above,  
One soul was full of woe,  
One soul was full of joy.  
One leaped up with the light,  
With the soaring of the lark;  
One felt it every night,  
For his soul was ever dark;  
One heart was hard as stone,  
One heart was ever gay;  
One worked with many a groan,  
One whistled all the day.  
One had a flower clad coat,  
Beside a merry mill,  
One had a shawl and shawl,  
Made it sweeter, fairer still;  
One of discord, dirt and din,  
No wonder he seemed mad,  
One and children stirred within.  
Still they worked in the same field,  
Tolled on from day to day,  
Both had the same hard labor,  
Both had the same small pay.  
But they worked not with one will,  
The reason for the will—  
In the one dank the will,  
And the other at the well.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Cholera is raging in Russia.  
Mrs. Fair looks worn and faded.  
Iron shingles are being manufactured.  
Florida's grasshoppers are as large as  
sparrows, says an exchange.  
Lake Superior is fast taking rank as  
a superior watering-place.

An impartial Kansas patriot has named  
his twins Grant and Greeley.  
A desirable second-hand article—A  
young, rich and amiable widow.  
A large colony of Johnny Bulls are  
en route to Minnesota.

Great secrecy is enforced by the Gen-  
eral Board of Arbitration.  
Charleston has shipped 50,000 water-  
melons to New York City.  
Richmond on the James is building a  
home for Magdalenas.

There was lately a rain of bones in  
Carroll Parish, Louisiana.  
New York City is to have an under-  
ground railroad within two years.

A Greenfield Indian has been fined  
a trifle for whaling his grand pa.  
A colored preacher in Wayne, Iowa,  
lately ran off with half a dozen of the  
sisters.

Josh Billings says, deliver him from  
a wife that don't love him, and from  
children that don't look like him.  
It is said that the balcony of the Cat-  
skill Mountain House commands a view  
of about 10,000 square miles.

A Kansas paper tells of an army of  
toads which extends three fourths of a  
mile along a road.  
HOPFUL.—It is a meteorological fact  
that when rain falls it will rise again in  
due time!

Eight dollars per day entitles a board-  
er to the privileges of a Saratoga hash-  
ery.  
By the late floods it is estimated that  
the losses to Alabama will foot up five  
millions.

The celebrated Irish band has split,  
so that they are declining to go back to  
old Ireland.  
A young Georgian committed suicide,  
on finding his hotel bill more than he  
could pay.

The latest Memphis sensation is a  
sommamblist or ghost who jumps from  
roof to roof.  
Murders, rapes, and all species of  
blood-freighting crimes seem to hold riot  
in every direction.

A lady in Indiana has been granted a  
divorce on a plea that her husband would  
not assist her on washing days.  
It is believed that the attempted as-  
sassination of King Amadeus of Spain  
was participated in by the same parties  
that assassinated Gen. Prim.

A Connecticut widow bowed down  
with grief, telegraphed to her friends:  
"My dear husband is dead. Loss fully  
covered by insurance."

The following congratulatory telegram  
was lately received by a wedding pair:  
"Congratulations on your nuptials. May  
your future troubles be only little ones."

A Cincinnati butcher tied up his  
daughter by the hands, so that her toes  
just touched the ground, and then  
smothered her feet with molasses to at-  
tract the flies.

Two sisters have eloped from Berlin,  
Prussia, with a young man whom they  
are both in love with and whom they  
both intend to marry when they reach  
Salt Lake, which is their destination.

A husband pleaded to a libel for di-  
vorce on account of cruelty and neglect,  
that his wife, the libelant, spoke harshly  
to him and threw pillows at him, which  
resulted in dyspepsia. Divorce granted.

The Navajo girls of Arizona are the  
nearest the world affords to the shep-  
herdesses of romance. These dusky  
nymphs watch the flocks and work on  
aboriginal distaffs while doing it.

A young man rode ten miles in a rail-  
road carriage with a young lady, with  
the intention of popping the question,  
but all he said was, "It is quite moon-  
ey to-night." "Yes," she replied, "muchly."  
And there wasn't another word said.

A craven county (Ga.) sow had four  
pigs, one like a horse, one like an opo-  
sum, the third like a child, and the  
fourth like a pig. The owner of the  
sow believes this to be witchcraft and  
had all of them burned to death.

Lone Pine, California, has a married  
pair, the male of which is half a cen-  
tury old, and the female barely twelve  
years. They have been married three  
years and the wife still wears short  
dresses and plays with dolls.

No matter what kind of a business  
you are in, if you live within ten miles  
of Barton, advertise in the Monitor.  
It is just as impossible for a man to get  
very rich without advertising as it is  
for a cross-eyed man to shoot straight  
with a borrowed gun.

There is a man ninety-one years old  
in Detroit, who obstinately refuses to  
make himself useful to itemizers.—  
He won't play base ball, nor chop two  
cords of wood per day, nor tell long  
stories about things that he has never  
eaten, nor get up at 3 o'clock, nor pre-  
tend that he never rode in a railroad  
car. He is strictly uninteresting.

## THAT SMILE.

"Always meet your husband with a  
smile upon your face."

Must I? Yes, you must. No mat-  
ter what sort of a man the Fates have  
bestowed upon you, you are to beam up-  
on him all your days with the radiance  
of a star. If he kept you up till twelve  
o'clock last night, waiting for him to  
come home from—well from somewhere  
—and then comes in with "a little too  
much," and you had to pull off his boots  
and drag him to bed; if he went off this  
morning and left you without a stick of  
wood, and six children to warm and feed  
and clothe; if the stove is cracked; if  
the baby falls and skins its precious  
nose; and all the children take it into  
their heads to black each other's eyes,  
and blue each other's faces. All these  
things which try women's souls may have  
exasperated you, until you long to let  
yourself out in a grand surge of whole-  
some wrath. If all theills of female  
flesh were to assail your body, and all  
the ills that housekeepers know distract  
your mind, it is all the same. You may  
have cried till your nose and eyes are  
red. After throwing your soul into a  
frantic struggle to have a nice dinner  
ready in time, you may be frowzy and  
flustered, sweating and groaning over a  
half cooked pudding, when the "clock  
strikes the hour." Insurgent children  
may be hanging to your skirts. But lo!  
a step is heard. Now let order be born  
from chaos! Be out of the slops and  
ashes, and be you clean! Put on that  
smile. Let your countenance shine as  
the morning; let the hairs of your head  
know each its place. He comes. Woe  
be unto you, if a wheel or a pivot of  
the domestic machinery be out of order!  
But if it be so, and the bolt of Jove be  
hurled at your head and the lion's roar  
to be heard in the land, smile on. Look  
at him, as he swallows his dinner in  
wrath, with the blackness of darkness  
on his majestic brow; look on, and smile  
in peace. You have failed in your duty.  
You ought to have had a bower of Eden  
in waiting for this perfect Adam. It is  
so refreshing to a man, to find a clean  
spot, a little world of beauty and har-  
mony, where he can bring his dirt, smoke  
and spit, turn over things, and rest his  
soul from the cares of life. Yes, you  
have been guilty of a great offense; but  
you are not to add to it the enormity of  
neglecting to do that smile!

Oh, the bondage of the women! She  
must "bear the heaviest burden, and  
walk the hardest road." She must do  
woman's work, forsooth—though she is  
weak, and the work is ten times heavier  
than that which many a broad-shoulder-  
ed Hercules is doing. She must brew  
and bake, and mend and make; wash  
and iron, and sew on buttons. But on  
the top of all this comes the crowning  
tyranny—the dread decree: "Always  
meet me with a smile." Oh, insult up-  
on injury! The last feather broke the  
camel's back. What sort of backs do  
you think we have got, to bear all the  
mountain load of woman's work, and  
woes, and pains, and penalties, and yet  
not break when you pile on this last  
weight!

Nobody ever said to you, "Meet your  
wife with a smile." What an idea!  
You have so many cares and vexations  
in your business. No matter if you are  
strong and vigorous, and can throw off  
your troubles in hearty work, and feel  
your blood stirred healthfully by con-  
tact with human kind, while your wife  
is weak, and her troubles and crosses  
are to be met and borne in the lonely  
monotony of home life and endless tasks.  
You may look sour if you feel like it,  
and you may go and throw your bundle  
of cares upon her shoulders; but she  
must smile. You have to be pleasant  
abroad—then can't a fellow be cross at  
home? And if anything has gone  
wrong—if last night at the club has  
given you a headache, or your breakfast  
disagreed with your lordly stomach,  
can't you snub your wife, and strike ter-  
ror into the children's souls? Certainly,  
by all means, sir. And if your wife  
fails to meet you with that smile, wheth-  
er you come in the mood of a roaring  
lion or a sulky bear, then—well, you  
can get some editor to publish some-  
thing about "A Wife's Duties," or some  
more "Advice to Wives."

And now, fellow-sisters, lend me your  
ears. A good man, with a great, loving  
heart, is a creature for any woman to  
adore. If you are a true wife, and have  
such a husband, you will generally wear  
"that smile." I think. The sunshine his  
love makes in your heart, will break out  
in your face. If you have such a hus-  
band, and do not adore him, if your face  
does not sparkle at his coming, as clear  
waters sparkle back at the sun, why, then,  
it's no use to waste words on such a  
reprobate as you are.

But if you have a husband on whom  
you might smile all your life, without  
even warming or softening his cold, brut-  
ish soul, then I am not going to exas-  
perate you by preaching on that time-  
honored text—"Always meet your hus-  
band with a smile." Not I. If you  
have spirit enough left in your body to  
smile at all, thank the Lord, and fight  
your battle as well as you may. If you  
have any smiles left in your heart for

the lordly brute who grinds it daily be-  
neath his heel, give them to him, for  
you are a woman, and a woman's love  
is wondrous pitiful. But when men and  
women pelt you with "sermons in stones,"  
taken from this text, I do hope you will  
let your wrath kindle and blaze, and  
your voice be heard in the land.

## GENERAL HOWARD AND THE APACHES.

So many stories have been told illus-  
trative of the bloodthirsty and vindic-  
tive nature of the warlike Apache Indi-  
ans, so many robberies and murders by  
their roving bands on the plains of Ari-  
zona have been reported through the  
land, that it seems strange to hear of  
the welcome at our National Capital of  
a deputation of chiefs from this tribe,  
on a mission of peace. It is hardly  
probable that this result would have  
been attained through the labors of any  
other man than Major-General O. O.  
Howard; for there are few soldiers with  
his loving spirit and reliable faith, and  
few civilians with his judgment, ener-  
gy, and personal influence over them.

Reports from Arizona were so various  
and conflicting as to the character and  
possibilities of the Apaches, and trou-  
bles with them had been so frequent, that  
the Government at Washington, in pur-  
sue of its humane Indian policy, de-  
sired Gen. Howard to visit that terri-  
tory, ascertain the true condition of af-  
fairs, and counsel such action as seemed  
necessary, especially to the end of a  
permanent peace. The unsought and  
unexpected summons to this mission  
came to Gen. Howard as a providential  
call; and he promptly left everything  
else, to respond to it, not doubting that  
he should have success. As he said to  
a friend, he felt that he was going to  
God's work, and human impossibilities  
are no obstacle to God's plans.

The trip to Arizona is no small under-  
taking, even in these days of Pacific  
railroads. First visiting Gen. Schofield,  
in California, and afterward Gen. Crook  
in New Mexico, to have the fullest un-  
derstanding with the military authori-  
ties of the Department of the Pacific,  
Gen. Howard, with his staff and other  
Government officials, moved on from  
Santa Fe, thirteen days' journey into the  
Indian country of Arizona. The jour-  
ney from Santa Fe was made on mules,  
across the arid plains and under a burn-  
ing sun, often without water, and with  
insufficient food. When the Indians  
were reached, and had been personally  
visited on their several grounds, they  
were invited to a peace conference.—  
Impossible as it seemed, the conference  
was secured, nearly all of the various  
hostile bands being represented in it.  
Men who had before only met in com-  
bat, shooting at each other from behind  
trees and bushes, longing for an oppor-  
tunity to take one another's scalps, sat  
side by side, and counseled amicably as  
to their mutual interests and duties.—  
It was no easy matter to bring about this  
conference, nor yet to secure favor-  
able results from it. Its first mention  
came from some interested parties; for  
there are always white men desirous of  
war with the Indians, and unwilling to  
have peace made or kept with them.—  
Falsehoods concerning the General and  
his plans were sent out from the terri-  
tory and telegraphed over the land. But  
the General persevered in faith; and ac-  
cording to his faith it was granted unto  
him.

After months of intercourse with the  
Apaches, learning their needs and wrongs  
—sharing their hardships, and proving  
himself their good and wise friend, Gen.  
Howard won their hearts and convinced  
their judgments. He brought them, and  
a new desire of peace with each other  
and with the whites; and now, as one  
result of his mission, a half score of  
chiefs and representative men of the  
most warlike of their tribes visit Wash-  
ington with him, to confer with the au-  
thorities, in the hope of concluding a  
treaty of permanent peace.

Meeting Gen. Howard and his party,  
on their return, on the plains of Wyom-  
ing, and coming with them part of the  
way to the Atlantic coast, I became per-  
sonally interested in the Apache chief-  
tains, and now write while the incidents  
of the trip with them are fresh in my  
mind. With a single exception none of  
these Indians had ever seen a large city,  
a railroad, a telegraph line, or any of  
the other great results of civilization,  
before starting on this journey. But  
they are a people of more than ordinary  
intellect, and very quickly adapt them-  
selves to new surroundings. They stud-  
ied on a map the various routes to the  
East, and decided which they would  
take going on, and which they would  
prefer on their return.

The trustful confidence in Gen. How-  
ard displayed by these warriors was  
hardly an indication of a treacherous  
nature. Unhesitatingly they had sub-  
mitted themselves to his care, leaving  
their people and country, to go among  
those whom they had known hitherto  
only as enemies; and now they seemed  
ready to do in all things as he advised.  
The General was exceedingly tender of  
this trust in him, and seemed anxious  
to confirm their confidence by being one

of them. He shared their car and fare  
on the train, as he had shared their  
quarters and hardships on the way to it.  
If they went without a meal, so did he.  
His dress was of the plainest sort, and  
his bearing unaffected and sympathetic.

It was really a touching sight, to see  
Gen. Howard, one early morning, sit-  
ting in the Indian group, telling the  
story of Jesus to those who in full man-  
hood heard it for the first time. Miguel,  
a warrior chieftain, was a battle-scarred  
veteran. He had led his tribe in many  
a bloody fray, and taken many a scalp.  
One bullet had passed through his lungs,  
another through his thigh, a third had  
penetrated his skull. One eye was gone.  
Yet he was still a stalwart man. On  
one occasion he was a captive, bound,  
and dragged into Santa Fe at the tail of  
a mule. No force had subdued him.—  
He was not brought under control by  
fear; but he told gratefully of a good  
officer who spoke kindly to him while a  
captive, and showed him the better way  
of peace and duty. And now he sat as  
a child, his scarred face and broad, high  
brow suffused with emotion, intent on  
the story of the Cross. The General  
could talk with Miguel only through  
double interpreters. A private United  
States soldier could speak English and  
Spanish, and a Mexican, held captive by  
the Apaches for thirty years, could  
speak Spanish and Apache. Through  
these two the slowly repeated sentences  
passed from Gen. Howard to Miguel, and  
the answers came back. The General  
pictured himself as coming to the Ap-  
ache country to win the love of the peo-  
ple there, and to lead some of them to  
the home of the Great Father at Wash-  
ington, where he would be their friend;  
so Jesus, the son of God, had come into  
this world to win our love, and to in-  
duce us to follow him trustingly to the  
home of the Great Father in Heaven.

Miguel replied that he trusted Gen.  
Howard as his friend, and would follow  
him wherever he said. He should be  
glad if the General would return with  
him; but if he could not do this,—the  
tears would roll down the cheeks of Mi-  
guel when he came to this part. As to  
following Jesus, he believed there were  
two roads—one the good road, the other  
the bad road. He wanted now to go in  
the good road and to follow on in it un-  
til he should see God. In the Apache  
language they have the name of the Son  
of God; so that was known to him.—  
Then, referring to one whom the General  
had introduced as his friend, who loved  
to have all the children taught of  
God, Miguel said, if that man was a  
friend of Gen. Howard, he was Miguel's  
friend, and Miguel wished he would  
come and teach the children of his tribe.  
Soon Miguel would be dead; but he  
wanted his children to follow on in the  
good road toward God, when he was gone.  
Some Indians grew feebler and fewer as  
tribes. Miguel wanted his people never  
to die out while the world stands, and  
believed civilization would help them to  
long life and prosperity.

When the General had ceased to speak  
Miguel turned to the others of his party,  
and preached Jesus to them. Far  
in the night, he sat telling with anima-  
ted gesture and earnest words the truth  
he had just learned concerning Him who  
is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."  
Is there wonder that Gen. Howard had  
interest in and hope of the tribes of  
which these men are representatives?  
—N. Y. Independent

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.—The Life  
of Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, has the fol-  
lowing: A young lady, the daughter of  
the owner of the house, was addressed  
by a man who, though agreeable to her,  
was disliked by her father. Of course,  
he would not consent to their union, and  
she determined to elope. The night was  
fixed, the hour came, he placed the lad-  
der to the window, and in a few mo-  
ments she was in his arms. They were  
mounted a double horse, and were soon  
at some distance from the house. After  
a while the lady broke the silence by say-  
ing: "Well, you see what a proof I  
have given you of my affection; I hope  
you will make me a good husband."

He was a surly fellow, and gruffly an-  
swered, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps  
not." She made no reply, but after a  
silence of a few minutes she suddenly  
exclaimed, "Oh, what shall we do? I  
have left my money behind me in my  
room." "Then," said he, "we must go  
back and fetch it." They were soon  
again at the house, the ladder was again  
placed, the lady remounted, while the  
ill-natured lover waited below. But  
she delayed to come, and so he gently  
called, "Are you coming?" When she  
looked out of the window and said:  
"Perhaps I may, and perhaps not,"  
and then shut down the window, and  
left him to return upon the double horse  
alone.

Congressman Tyner, of Indiana, ex-  
presses the opinion that Greeley will  
not receive more than 100 to 150 Repub-  
lican votes in his district, comprising  
eight counties.

Forbearance is a domestic jewel, not  
to be worn for state or show, but for dai-  
ly and unostentatious ornament.

A head wind—a sneeze.

## GREELEY AND THE PRES- DENCY.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)  
The Protest of a Mother of two Dead  
Soldier Sons—The spirit of '62—Shall  
We Forget?

I am an old lady sixty-three years of  
age, and a widow. This is the first  
time I ever attempted to write an article  
for publication. But I cannot keep si-  
lent. It is out of the fulness of my  
heart that my pen speaketh. During  
our late fearful war, I devoted every  
energy of my being to working for the  
poor brave suffering men and boys who  
were periling their lives for their coun-  
try's honor. I deemed no sacrifice too  
great.

Two precious sons remained to me,  
while the grass was growing green over  
the graves of six. When the first call  
was made for volunteers—after the fall  
of Sumter—among the foremost to rush  
forward and give his name, was my  
darling boy—literally a boy—only nine-  
teen years of age. Crowding back the  
hot tears of agony, I gave my consent,  
and kissed him for the last time. He  
fell dead—shot through the head—in  
his first battle. For his country he died  
early and late from my aching,  
bleeding heart, went forth the prayer,  
"Teach me, oh? Father, to say 'Thy  
will be done.'" Then, when the cry  
was heard for "three hundred thousand  
more," I gave up my last and only one!  
my precious boy Harry. With stream-  
ing eyes, and quivering heartstrings I  
bade him go at his "country's need."  
That brave, young boy was slowly, cru-  
elly murdered in Andersonville. A few  
scrawled lines with a pencil on the mar-  
gin of an old, torn piece of newspaper,  
was brought to me by a more fortunate  
comrade who was exchanged:—"They  
are starving us to death mother.  
Pray for your boy Harry!" That was  
all the record left, save the after mes-  
sage, Dead!

Then, when our war was over, and  
his murderers were escaping unscathed,  
when Jeff Davis and his cold blooded  
satellites were set at large, unpunished,  
I strove to still the angry murmurings  
of my heart by remembering that there  
was a just God, and who hath said,  
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

I am an old fashioned woman, Mr.  
Editor, one who has always felt that  
woman's province is home. I have dis-  
proved of and coldly ignored everything  
pertaining to the so called "woman's  
rights" movement. In fact, I have felt  
that woman's clamoring for the ballot  
was unequalled for indecency and un-  
womanly, having its origin only in an am-  
bition for notoriety and a desire to usurp  
a man's place.

When I heard of Horace Greeley's  
nomination for the Presidency, the bosom  
friend of Jeff Davis, his sympathizer and  
bondsmen—Jeff Davis, the black-heart-  
ed traitor, the cold-blooded, inhuman  
butcher, the demonic slaughterer and  
torturer of thousands upon thousands of  
fathers and sons, husbands and brothers  
—when I read, I repeat, that Greeley  
had been nominated for the highest and  
most honorable position in our land, to  
take the place once occupied by Wash-  
ington and the murdered Lincoln, I sat  
paralyzed for hours. Had our country  
fallen thus low? Was this to be the  
reward of the wholesale massacres and  
the fearful sacrifice made? Were our  
dead soldiers to be thus insulted in  
their graves? Was the grief of the  
broken-hearted wives, mothers, sisters  
and daughters thus to be made a mock-  
ery of? Just as well nominate Jeff.  
Davis himself as his warm sympathizer,  
bosom friend and coadjutor, Greeley.—  
In fact, extreme sophistry might pos-  
sibly, by a mighty effort, call up some  
things in partial extenuation of some of  
Davis' crimes, but what can the most  
charitably inclined urge for Greeley?  
Not one extenuating shadow can be put  
forth for the Northern renegade who  
proffered aid and sympathy, thus virtu-  
ally endorsing every barbarous act of the  
arch traitor Jeff, and his minions. I  
have said that Horace Greeley had  
not one single relative serving in the  
northern army, while his wife did lose  
two cousins fighting beneath the rebel  
flag. Perhaps this solves the riddle of  
the renegade's course. Can he be infat-  
uated enough to suppose that one brave  
Union soldier in the land, can so far  
forget his self-respect and manhood as to  
become his aid and abettor by help-  
ing him into the White House?

To-day, Mr. Editor, from my most in-  
nermost heart, and for the first time in  
my life, I wish it were woman's privi-  
lege to vote. Old as I am, and shrink-  
ing as I have always been from pub-  
licity, I would make it my mission to la-  
bor among my sex "from early morn 'till  
dewy eve" for six months to come, if  
I need be, to prevent the shadow of a pos-  
sibility of that man being elected. But  
he will not be; he cannot be. It is a  
disgrace heavy and black enough to the  
country, that he has been nominated.  
When there are surely in the land stanch  
and true, in numbers sufficient, to rally  
for the right and crush down this vile  
attempt of the friends of treason and  
the South, to hoist into the White House  
a person acknowledged to be the sworn

ally of the rebels, through his warm  
sympathy with its leaders.

I, the now childless mother of two  
dead soldier boys, appeal to every brave  
noble fellow who has worn the "blue,"  
to be true to himself and his country,  
true to the memory of his fallen com-  
rades, "who tho' dead, yet speaketh;"  
true to every principle of honor, man-  
hood, and self-respect, in this hour of  
temptation to himself and peril to his  
country.

Wives and mothers, sisters and daugh-  
ters, now is the silent, gentle, home in-  
fluence to make itself felt. Perhaps you  
feel "no interest in politics;" arouse  
yourself as if never before, and think who  
the man was that was nominated at the  
Cincinnati Convention for the next Pres-  
ident. Think who and what Horace  
Greeley has proved himself to be! Even  
if you have "no interest in politics,"  
think how you would feel were Jeff.  
Davis nominated for the Presidency.—  
Horace Greeley is second only to him.

He is his sworn ally and friend, the man  
who stepped forward and rescued the  
arch-demon from even a slight punish-  
ment. Did the cruel war snatch from  
you a loved one, a father or brother,  
husband or son? Then by their blood  
which crieth to you from the grave, I  
adjure you to use all the influence you  
possess, to prevent this insult to the  
memory of your loved and lost, and the  
sickening obloquy and foul disgrace to  
our beloved country should Horace  
Greeley be elected to the Presidency.  
A. W. R.

A WORD TO FATHERS.—We have read  
a story of a little boy, who